

WEALTH, OR A GOOD NAME?

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It is quite possible indeed for one to have great wealth and also a good name at the same time. There have been many of such instances. On the other hand, very many men have apparently preferred to have great wealth to having a good name. With them it has been everything for the sake of wealth, even to the sacrifice of all honor, all self-respect, all honesty. They cared nothing for a good name among men. And I believe that there are many who if they were compelled to choose between being a millionaire and having a good name, yet remaining poor, would quickly choose the wealth. The love of riches is so great a passion in many hearts that they would be eagerly willing to toss aside the good name which they now have and receive in its stead a hundred thousand dollars.

Dr. Weidemann, in *The American Federationist*, says: "In Lowell, Mass., I knew a cotton manufacturer, now dead, once a kind employer and a liberal-minded man, but the spirit of greed got a fast hold on him. The foreman of his mills were selected for their brutality to the help; the mills run on the lowest wages and the worst rules of any in the city. That man died a millionaire, but without one to say a word of regret for him, and his memory is detested as a Shylock of the worst sort."

This is what the love of money brought to that man. Was he not a fool, a rich fool? Great wealth? Yes, but also a bad name. And which is worth the most, a million dollars or a good name? A good name stands for a noble and beneficent character, for enduring moral excellence, for a personality which gives out wholesome influence, making itself felt long after one has died. If one can get wealth honorably, and, having gotten it, will use it to the praise of God, let him get it; but never sacrifice a good name for the sake of wealth.

Home Circle

THE SPIDER WEB

Whenever I see
On bush or tree

A great big spider web,
I say with a shout,
"Little fly, look out!"

That web seems so pretty and white,
But a spider hides there, and he's ready to bite."

So if any one here,
Drinks cider or beer,
I say to him now,
With my very best bow,

"Have a care of that lager or cider;
For there hides a wicked old spider,
And it fills him with joy,
To catch man or boy,

And weave all about him with terrible might
The meshes of habit—the rum appetite."

—Mrs. Clara Smith Colton, in *Advance*.

KEEPING BUSY

No useful life is ever lived on negative lines. There is no danger, says one, so great for a man or a boy as idleness. If mothers and fathers would save their boys, they should give them something to do. Buy an axe and a saw, and let them chop up that wood, no matter how large the bank account. Let them keep the weeds from the garden and the tall grass from the lawn, the dirt from their own clothes and the dust from their own shoes. Don't do everything for them. It pays to teach the boys to work—not so much for what they can do as for what it does for them. If more boys could have a piece of ground, a shop, a place of some kind where they could work off their superfluous energy, we should hear less of truant and reform schools.—*Forward*.

EDGAR'S SOLDIER LESSON

Really it was too bad. Edgar was going out to play soldier. He slipped on the steps and twisted his ankle.

"My little lad must go to bed and get well," said Mamma Gates.

"Boo hoo;" howled Eddy.

Uncle Caspar looked up from his paper and smiled.

"I don't want to go to bed. I want to go and be a soldier," sobbed poor Edgar.

"But if your ankle is not bathed and put to bed you will be very lame tomorrow."

"I don't care," whined Eddy. "I don't want to go to bed."

"I thought you were playing soldier," said Uncle Caspar.

"Yes, sir."

"Well what does a soldier do?"

Edgar looked up puzzled. "He marches and he drums." Eddy looked at his drum and began to cry again.

"Is that all he does?"

"He doesn't have to go to bed," whined Eddy.

"But sometimes he gets hurt badly. He is shot in battle. Then what does he do? Does he howl and cry?"

Now Uncle Caspar was an old soldier, whom Eddy admired very much.

"No-o-o! I guess not. I don't know," said the boy.

"No. He goes to the hospital. There he is as brave as when he drums and marches."

Edgar wiped his eyes and looked eagerly at his uncle. "Is going to bed and not crying being a good soldier?" he asked.

"Yes, my boy, that is the bravest part of it. Now let me be the ambulance—that's a wagon, you know—and take you to the hospital."

Uncle Caspar picked up Eddy in his arms and carried him gently to his chamber.

"Now I'm going to be a good soldier," said the boy, with a smile. He did not wince when his uncle felt of the sore ankle and bound it up.

"That's a brave lad, Eddy," said his uncle. "Now play it does not hurt and go to sleep."

Half an hour later Edgar was dreaming. He looked like a brave little corporal taking his rest.

Uncle Caspar hung up Eddy's flag and gun where he could see them when he awoke. The drum with the soldier cap upon it was placed on the bed. Edgar limped down stairs the next day, and went into camp on the sofa. He whined and complained no longer. He had learned a lesson, that a brave man is patient in suffering.—*Little Men and Women*.

"LITTLE SUNBONNET"

They called her "Little Sunbonnet." I will tell you why.

Her mamma had promised to take her to a picnic, and for days little Beth could talk of nothing else.

The night before the picnic day Beth had caught sight of little round cakes, tarts, and a Washington pie on the pantry shelf, and when her bedtime came, and she was up in her little room with mamma, she asked so many, many questions that at last mamma said,

"There, there, dear, you must go to sleep, so as to wake very early in the morning."

After mamma had left her Beth lay for a time thinking; and this awful thought came to her, Suppose she shouldn't wake "very early," and so have no time to get dressed for the picnic!

In a twinkling Beth was out of bed. She pulled on her stockings. She buttoned the six buttons of each small boot and as many buttons of her dress as she could reach. Then she felt around in the dark for her pink calico sunbonnet. This she tied tightly under her chin. Then she crept softly back into bed.

How mamma laughed when she came into her little daughter's room in the morning! And how everyone else laughed!

And now you know how Beth came to be called "Little Sunbonnet."—*Our Little Ones*.

WAIT FOR THE MUD TO DRY

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few left now. He was beloved by every one and his influence in the little town was great, so good and so active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boys" Father Graham said, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little till he and you are both cool, and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice; and before the next day was done, the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.—*Selected*.